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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1894.

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13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



*Pollie Melba*

MME. MELBA,

THE AUSTRALIAN PRIMA-DONNA, NOW SINGING IN GRAND OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BETTINI.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1894.

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## A Leaf from History.



THE Wilson Tariff bill is built on the lines of the Walker (low) Tariff act of 1846. The report accompanying the bill declares that the Walker act "gave immense vigor to manufactures" and was followed by a period of unexampled prosperity. This is an amazing statement. The fact is directly otherwise. With conditions extraordinarily favorable to the development of the national prosperity, such as the famine in Ireland, the revolutions in Europe, and the Crimean War, which created a tremendous demand for our agricultural products and other supplies; the discovery of gold in California, which in ten years added five hundred and fifty millions of dollars to the national wealth, and other incidents contributing to the general welfare, the fact remained that at the end of eleven years, as the result of this Walker tariff, our industries were disintegrated, our workmen were idle, and tens of thousands of hungry men and women were fed at soup-houses in all our larger cities. In 1851, President Fillmore, in his annual message to Congress, declared that the beneficial results expected from the act of 1846 had not been realized, and he emphasized his statement by this explicit demonstration as to one form of production: "The value of our exports of bread-stuffs and provisions, which it was supposed the incentive of a low tariff and large importations from abroad would have greatly augmented, has fallen from sixty-eight million dollars in 1847, to twenty-one million dollars in 1851, with almost a certainty of a still further reduction in 1852." Six years later, President Buchanan, in his annual message, said on the same subject:

"With unsurpassed plenty in all the productions and all the elements of national wealth, our manufacturers have suspended; our public works are retarded; our private enterprises of different kinds are abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers are thrown out of employment and reduced to want. We have possessed all the elements of material wealth in rich abundance, and yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, our country in its monetary interests is in a deplorable condition."

Still later, as business became more and more depressed, the revenues of the government had so declined that it became necessary to borrow money to meet the current expenses of the treasury. These loans were effected at rates of interest as high as twelve per cent., and in one case where a small issue of bonds was offered at a high rate of interest, only a part of the issue could be sold, owing to the depreciated condition of the public credit. These were the direct results of the Walker tariff, which is now made the basis of the "reform" tariff legislation of the Democratic party. Disastrous as they were, they would have been vastly more so had it not been for the exceptional conditions in Europe and the gold discoveries at home, which largely modified the mischievous influence of the act.

It is hardly worth while, in view of such an object-lesson as this, to speculate as to the effects of a bill built after the model of the Walker act. An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory. And the facts are all against the Democratic contention on this point. A policy that in the decade from 1846 to 1857 reduced the country to the verge of bankruptcy, impoverished our workmen, and ruined great capitalistic enterprises, is not a policy which will commend itself to public approval at a time when, under the mere menace of its adoption, paralysis is settling down upon many forms of industry and the national treasury is in peril of a heavy deficit.

## Mr. Carlisle's Report.

ASIDE from the views it advances as to the questions of tariff and taxation, and the coinage of bullion in the treasury, the report of Secretary Carlisle is conservative in tone and will exert a reassuring influence upon the public mind. Mr. Carlisle estimates that on the basis of existing laws there will be a deficit in the revenues for the current year of \$28,000,000. The reduction in customs receipts for the next fiscal year, under the proposed tariff, is estimated at \$62,000,000, but the secretary believes that with lower duties there will be increased importations and more

prosperous business conditions, and that the amount which will have to be provided for by taxation will not exceed \$50,000,000. The assumption here made is altogether gratuitous, and the actual deficit is likely to be very much larger than he names. In order to raise the needed revenue he proposes to increase the tax on distilled spirits ten cents per gallon, and to impose "additional taxes on cigars and cigarettes, with new taxes on playing-cards, cosmetics and perfumeries, legacies and successions, and incomes derived from investments in stocks and bonds of corporations and joint stock companies." These suggestions are likely to encounter strong opposition in Congress, and will hardly be adopted except under caucus pressure.

As to the deficit of the present year, and any other "great and pressing financial emergency" which may occur, Mr. Carlisle proposes to meet it by an issue of bonds, for which he asks authority. Two kinds of issues are suggested—one a three-per-cent. five-year bond in denominations of twenty-five dollars and its multiples, and the other a three-per-cent. bond, redeemable after one year, to the amount of \$50,000,000. His preference is for the former, for the reason that, as he believes, the small bonds would be largely taken by the people.

Mr. Carlisle's statements as to the proposed coinage of the silver bullion in the treasury will awaken some solicitude. Under existing laws the seigniorage or profit arising from this coinage, which the secretary states at \$55,156,681, must be paid into the treasury. Mr. Carlisle's proposition is to issue silver certificates against this seigniorage, as the demand for silver dollars or silver certificates may require. This is in the face of his own statement, made elsewhere in his report, that the amount of money in the country is already in excess of the requirements of business, and that any arbitrary increase in the volume of currency—which has been augmented by \$112,404,947 since the 1st of December, 1892—would be extremely "hazardous." It may well be doubted whether the policy suggested should be carried out except under conditions of absolute financial necessity.

## Mr. Cleveland's Blunders.



RESIDENT CLEVELAND'S insinuations against the integrity of his predecessor and the American minister to Hawaii, and the insolence of opinion exhibited by him in his interpretation of the events attend-

ing the establishment of the provisional government, are alike unworthy of the occupant of the executive office. Mr. Cleveland asks the country to accept his judgment as absolutely sound and conclusive. No other conclusion, he declares, could be arrived at, in view of the facts stated, than that which he has formulated. Does Mr. Cleveland expect the country to agree in this estimate of his own infallibility? Has it never occurred to him that President Harrison is just as honest a man, just as pure in morals, just as intellectually acute, just as judicial in temper, just as impervious to hasty and immoderate impulse as he is himself? Was General Harrison, as an honest executive, trained to the consideration of large questions, and with clear conceptions of duty and the limitations of the executive authority, any less capable of determining wisely the question of Hawaiian recognition and our relation to the island kingdom, upon the facts presented, than Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Gresham, or any other prejudiced official of the present administration, upon the ex-parte testimony accumulated by a special commissioner?

Mr. Cleveland mistakes if he supposes that the American people will suit their thinking on this subject to his particular "views." Their judgment has been determined by the facts in the case, as presented by both sides to the controversy, and not at all by what any man chooses to think or any construction he may care to put upon the acts of the participants in it. He is equally mistaken if he imagines that his extraordinary criticism of his predecessor, going to the verge of personal affront, will command the popular approval. Such an act of official indecency has never before disgraced our annals, and it will never be repeated by any executive who appreciates the amenities of public life. A distinguished American well says: "Most civilized governments attack the reputation of their enemies, if they must. It was never before known that they blackened their own national walls with posted scandals against themselves."

Whatever may be Mr. Cleveland's honesty of purpose, and we do not call it in question, his course in this whole matter has been that of the rancorous partisan or hired advocate rather than that of an enlightened statesman. His recent message is characterized by a spirit of studied hostility to the provisional government in Hawaii. Yet he has formally recognized that government as the only existing government in the islands. He charges the last administration with treachery and conspiracy in its foreign relations, and forgets, or refuses to see, that his own policy

has been one of deceit and double-dealing in that, while recognizing the provisional government as the de-facto government, he was scheming to bring about its overthrow and restore the monarchy. While informing the queen that he would not resort to actual force to accomplish this restoration, he left the provisional authorities to suppose that United States troops would be used against them if occasion required, thus creating apprehension and keeping the public mind in a state of excitement likely at any moment to flame out in acts of violence. But his offending does not stop here. He persisted in his plan even after the queen had refused to return to power under any engagement to exercise clemency toward the members of the provisional government, thus revealing a vicious and bloodthirsty character incapable of defense or apology. It is surprising that Mr. Cleveland did not see the inconsistency of his action as to this particular point. What right has the United States, if we are bound in justice to restore the queen, to impose conditions which would deprive her, when restored, of the rights of sovereignty? If she has any claim at all upon us to "right a wrong" done to her, that claim is absolute and unconditional, and any attempt on our part to couple the performance of an act of justice with conditions of any sort whatever is a pure impertinence.

We have not dealt, in what has gone before, with the larger and primary question of President Cleveland's extraordinary assumption of power in dealing with this whole matter. Indeed, little needs to be said upon this point, since the better opinion of the country is practically unanimous in condemning the arrogance which not only defied the rights of Congress in undertaking a policy involving possibilities of war, but studiously concealed that policy from the people, so long as there was a possibility of their interference with it. That sort of thing may be done in Russia, but in this country even Presidents are subject to laws and constitution, and any encroachment upon popular rights, any assumption of autocratic powers at the expense of the Legislature in which the popular will is imaged and epitomized, will be resented, as Mr. Cleveland's insolent disregard of the authority and rights of Congress has been, with pitiless and overwhelming emphasis.

## An Important Decision.

A DECISION recently rendered by the Supreme Court of Indiana declares liquor-saloons to be, under certain conditions, public nuisances, and holds that persons whose property may be depreciated by their proximity are entitled to recover from the owners damages equal to the injury established. The facts upon which this decision was reached appear to be as follows: In 1891 a license was granted to one Stephlin to keep a saloon on a residence street in Indianapolis, in a building erected and owned by himself. A resident of the street brought suit against the saloon-keeper for the injury which, she alleged, had been done to her property by the opening of the saloon. Her counsel argued that the liquor business is a nuisance in itself, and that, besides, the liquor law was unconstitutional, and he produced evidence to establish the injury claimed. The defendant maintained that his license was regular and lawful, and that so long as he complied with the law under which it was granted, he could not be made responsible in damages. The Circuit Court found for the defendant, whereupon the case was appealed to the Supreme Court, which affirmed the decision. But a re-hearing was applied for and granted, the case was re-argued, and judgment has now been given for the plaintiff, on the ground that, while the law authorizing liquor licenses is constitutional, "the liquor business is immoral, licensed on that account by the law, so that the community may have a legal safeguard against the dangers of the unrestricted sale of liquor. A law cannot authorize the creation or maintenance of anything confessedly injurious to any man's property, unless it is clear that a general public benefit, transcending the particular injury, is thereby secured." The effect of this decision, if honestly carried out, will be to protect residence neighborhoods in cities from saloon encroachments, while the general application of the principle it lays down, if insisted upon, must result in enormously crippling the liquor business in the State at large.

## A Work of Wholesale Reform.



THE Republicans of New Jersey propose to make the coming session of the Legislature a memorable one in the annals of the State. Their first act will be to repeal the infamous race-track legislation of last winter. This will be followed by an act imposing restrictions upon racing, and imposing penalties, which will probably have the effect of closing permanently every disreputable race-track in the State. It is not impossible also that an amendment to the constitution will be proposed, prohibiting all pool-selling and every form of gambling, the idea being to dispose of the whole evil finally and absolutely. Such an amendment would become a part of the



fundamental law only when passed by two Legislatures and adopted by the people, but no doubt is felt that it would safely pass this ordeal.

Other reform legislation which is likely to be enacted looks to the release of the State asylums and other public institutions from the control of the partisan rings which are now debauching and fattening upon them. Non-partisan boards will be created, as far as possible, for the administration of all departments of the public service, and the same principle will be applied to the municipalities now dominated by political mercenaries. The election law will be amended so as to minimize the risks of fraudulent registration, and it is possible that the Australian ballot may be adopted. The statutes governing the naturalization of aliens will also be amended so as to compel all naturalization-papers to be taken out a month or more before any regular election.

The extent to which New Jersey has been subjected to partisan misrule is shown by the fact that nearly two hundred laws have been enacted within the last five or six years for the exclusive benefit of party spoilsmen—laws creating unnecessary boards, commissions and offices, increasing the salaries and emoluments of favorites of the bosses, and the like. All these acts are to be repealed and the State restored to cleanly and upright administration. In this good work the Republicans have the sympathy and co-operation of thousands of Democrats who have grown restive under the corrupt and unscrupulous supremacy of the worst elements of the party, and are eager to escape the vassalage which has so dishonored them and so injured the State.

### The New Year Abroad.



THE new year abroad begins with troublous portents. All the European sky is black with lowering clouds. Unrest and discontent among the masses; irritations, suspicions, jealousies among the Powers; conflicts and disintegrations in Cabinets; bankruptcies in the treasuries of nations; conspiracies among murderous anarchists—these are elements of a situation which provokes widespread distrust and alarm. A main and imminent peril in all European countries is, of course, the fierce propaganda of the anarchical class. The distress which prevails in all the populous centres, as well as in some agricultural districts, is exceptional both in severity and extent. London is crowded with unemployed men and women clamoring for shelter and bread. In Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and other capitals there is a paralysis of many industries, and thousands are out of work and dependent upon public charity. The preachers of socialism and anarchy are swift to avail themselves of these conditions for the furtherance of their desperate ends, and many who would not listen under other circumstances are inflamed by their seductive appeals. Their displays of activity, of which we have recently had such terrible illustrations, are largely explained by this fact. It is easy to foment hatred against society among the poor and unthinking when starvation lifts its gaunt face at the door and anything seems better than the ills which make life almost a curse.

The extraordinary measures to which the European governments are resorting for the suppression of the dangerous classes show very plainly how grave the situation is thought to be. For the first time the necessity of an international policy of defense against dynamiters is distinctly avowed. Heretofore each State has felt itself competent to deal with the problem, but there is now apparently a conviction that nothing short of a European alliance, based upon a uniform policy, and capable of asserting all the reserve potency of all the Powers against the audacious and malignant propagandists of murder as a cure for all social disorders, will be sufficient to hold them in check. While the necessity, however, is obvious, it will not be easy to meet its demands. There are two classes of anarchists; one composed of men of education and social position, and the other of fiends like Vaillant, the Paris bomb-thrower. The first, who confine themselves to agitation along educational lines, are really the more dangerous of the two, but cannot be dealt with by the drastic measures applicable to the latter. Any attempt by legislation, outside of Russia, to restrain the liberty of opinion and freedom of speech would only aggravate the gravity of the case. No friend of order is sorry when a bomb-throwing assassin suffers the penalty of his crime, but every friend of orderly administration reproaches the abridgment of the right of free discussion so long as it is not used as an incitement to actual violence. Any international policy that may be adopted must take account of these facts. As to the repression of the criminal class of anarchists, something effective can undoubtedly be done. A general system of extradition might be arranged which would deprive them of the immunity now enjoyed in some communities, and they might be defined in international law as a distinct class of offenders, liable to peculiar penalties enforceable by summary processes. Experience

may suggest some other methods likely to diminish the existing perils. But it is difficult to see how, under any legislation which may be enacted, or any detective system which may be devised, the manufacture and use of dynamite and other agents of destruction can be prevented, or how conspiracies hatched in secret can be suppressed, or the diabolical impulses which throb in savage breasts can be detected and restrained. And we suspect that it is just this doubt of the efficacy of all known means of prevention that gives acuteness to the anxiety and alarm which are to-day everywhere apparent in Europe.

But the growth of anarchism is not the only peril that menaces foreign States. The trend of political events is steadily toward a rupture of existing dynastic relations. A single shot on some frontier may at any moment precipitate a general war. All the Powers realize the dangers of an explosion. Germany is strengthening her already enormously burdensome military establishment; England is contemplating a re-enforcement of her naval strength at an expense of sixty millions of dollars; Russia, watchful and eager, is massing her forces with masterly strategy at points of vantage in the East, in preparation for all possible contingencies; France, with sleepless memory, waits to avenge Sedan, while to Austria and Italy, disturbed by political contentions within and menaced by complications without, each new day brings some fresh occasion of alarm. With every country a military camp; with irritating economic questions like the tariff war between Germany and Russia aggravating the rancor of political animosities; with the growing unrest of the peoples under the arrogant and intolerant assumptions of imperialism, it is easy to realize that the maintenance of peace depends upon perilous hazards. It goes without saying, too, that a war born of these conditions, inflamed by the ambitions and hates which have been nursed to a white heat in the lapse of years, will be the most terrific of modern times, and that while it will leave Europe a field of blood, its results must affect all mankind. Out of it, however rulers may otherwise plan, the People will emerge into higher dignity and a more assured possession of inherent rights, and civilization will inevitably go forward to fresh and larger conquests.

### Topics of the Week.

MR. CROKER proposes to double the Tammany executive committee of thirty by adding a "business" man for every machine district leader. He affects to believe that this will increase the efficiency of the organization and popularize it with the people. It is not at all likely that this result will follow. The "business" men who may be selected for these places will necessarily be persons in sympathy with the machine, and even if honest and capable, will be powerless for good as against the will of the bosses. The object of the movement is, obviously, to arrest the revolt of the better class of Democratic citizens against Tammany, and it will be accepted at just its real value and nothing more.

THE movement for a reform of marriage and divorce laws is making steady progress. During the past year two States, Colorado and South Dakota, made important changes in their laws as to divorce, all in the direction of reform, and eleven additional States created commissions to act jointly with similar commissions in other States in securing uniformity of legislation. Eight States had taken this action previously. The National Reform Association is preparing to carry on an active educational campaign on this general subject, and it seems probable that at a day not distant something like a uniform system of laws may be secured, which will reduce the volume of divorces and guarantee to the marriage relation a greater degree of sacredness than it now enjoys.

SOME of the Republicans of this State are already discussing the subject of the next gubernatorial nomination. The discussion strikes us as premature, but perhaps it will do no serious harm. One of the gentlemen named in connection with the nomination is Francis Hendricks, the late collector of the port of New York, and well known in the State as a former Senator and a man of unimpeachable reputation. Mr. Hendricks represents the best impulses of the party, and he would prove a strong candidate before the people. Mr. Elihu Root is also named, and his nomination would be entirely acceptable. Whoever may be the party candidate, he must be free from factional entanglements and his own master. No nominee of party bosses can command the support of that class of citizens who make the public interests superior to personal and purely partisan ends.

THE American Federation of Labor seems desirous of alienating the sympathy of law-abiding citizens. At its recent convention in Chicago it applauded the action of the Governor of Illinois in pardoning the Haymarket anarchists, and committed itself to the remarkable declaration that these murderers were the victims of "class prejudice and persecution." The adoption of these resolutions, we are told, was greeted with cheers. Other

resolutions, denouncing "society" as responsible for the sufferings of the unemployed and avowing distinctively agrarian doctrines as to the rights of labor and property, show with equal clearness the dangerous tendencies of this organization, and its contempt of sound public opinion. It is quite certain that if the two lecturers who are to be sent out by the Federation for the purpose of enlightening the public as to its objects undertake to popularize the doctrines thus enunciated, they will awaken no response among right-minded people.

OUR pictures of the recent foot-ball games have attracted wide attention, not only in this country but abroad. The *Sporting Times* of this city says:

"FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY has distinguished itself in the excellence of its foot-ball pictures throughout the foot-ball season. Never before has the game been so finely illustrated through the aid of good judgment and instantaneous photography. The college teams have been pictured on the field and in their training-quarters, in a way that has won the admiration of the players and public in common."

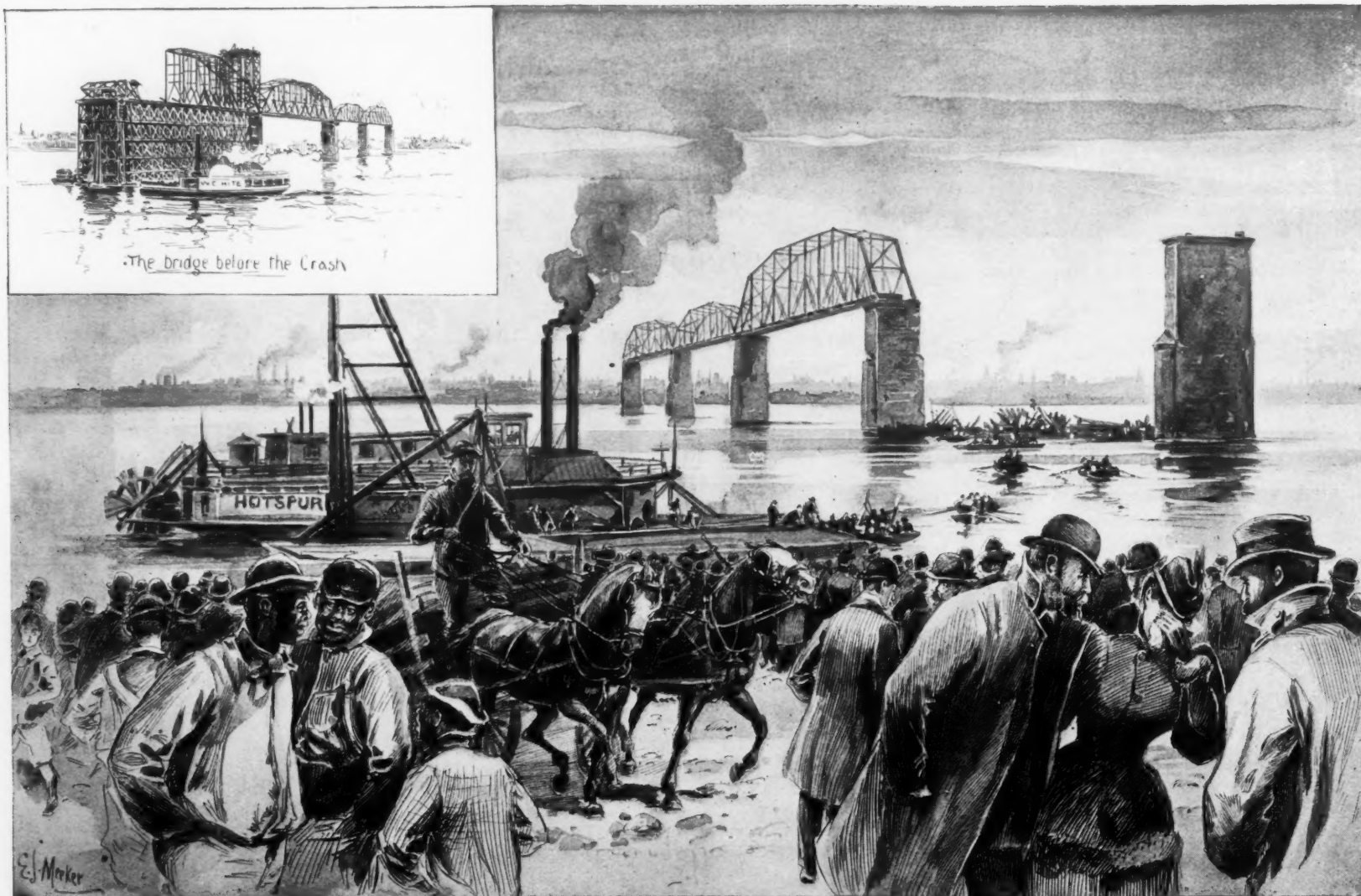
The London *Pall-Mall Budget*, now owned by William Waldorf Astor, copies some of our pictures, but commits the amazing blunder of crediting them to "*Frank Leslie's Journal*"—a paper which has no existence. The *Budget* commits a still more astonishing blunder when it characterizes one of the three leading universities of the United States as "Princeton College." Mistakes of this sort are inexcusable in any journal making the slightest pretensions to accuracy.

IN Washington, a little while ago, a Missouri member of Congress stabbed a man with a knife, in the course of a bar-room "difficulty," and, being arrested and brought to trial, was fined twenty-five dollars for "simple assault." It would seem from this that a murderous assault when made by a member of Congress loses the character which would attach to such an act when perpetrated by an ordinary individual. It is just a peccadillo, or a bit of extravagant humor, which should either attract no attention at all or, if noticed, should be laughed at as a sample of Congressional wit. One of our contemporaries, we observe, treats the matter seriously, and seems to think that there has been a miscarriage of justice in the case; but this, of course, is pure assumption. In Washington, courts are incapable of doing injustice, and they are peculiarly expeditious, moreover, in disposing of cases in which Congressmen are involved, as is strikingly illustrated by the extraordinary activity they have displayed in bringing the Pollard-Breckinridge case to an issue.

THE managers of the California Midwinter Fair are pursuing a much more liberal policy in many matters than was for a time adhered to by the directors of the Chicago exposition. The latter, for instance, were only induced, after a long and stubborn contest, to accord the newspapers of the country an opportunity to illustrate the exposition. Our photographers were excluded from the ground, or compelled to pay largely for the privilege of taking pictures, in order that some official in probable league with the official photographer might get a "divvy." The Midwinter Fair photographer, I. W. Taber, who has the concession conferring exclusive privileges, disdaining all mere selfish considerations, hastens to announce that he will be glad to permit our artists to take such views as they may desire, and will "give them all the aid possible to secure the best results." Mr. Taber is himself one of the best photographic artists in the country, and he shows himself by his action in this matter to be a broad-minded man as well. We want no other representative at the coming fair.

A CURIOUS illustration of the interest which is felt abroad in the proposed repeal of the McKinley act was afforded recently by an action in the Welsh courts to decide whether certain tin-plate works which had been ordered to be sold could be advantageously disposed of in the present depressed condition of the tin-plate trade. The sale was resisted on the ground that the McKinley act would probably be repealed shortly, and that in that event the trade in England would revive, and the sale of the works, if made at all, could be effected without serious loss. In the course of the proceedings it was stated in court that under the operation of our present tariff the exports of tin plate from England to the United States, which in 1890 amounted to three hundred and twenty thousand tons, had been almost entirely stopped, and that so long as this tariff should be maintained the restoration of the English trade would be impossible. The Lord Chief Justice decided that he was not called on "to speculate upon what politicians in America might do," and so directed the sale to be carried out as originally ordered. The incident is suggestive, both as confirming the contention that the American tin-plate industry has become a serious fact, and as showing that the repeal of the McKinley law would, as to this industry, result directly and primarily to the advantage of foreign manufacturers at the expense of our own.

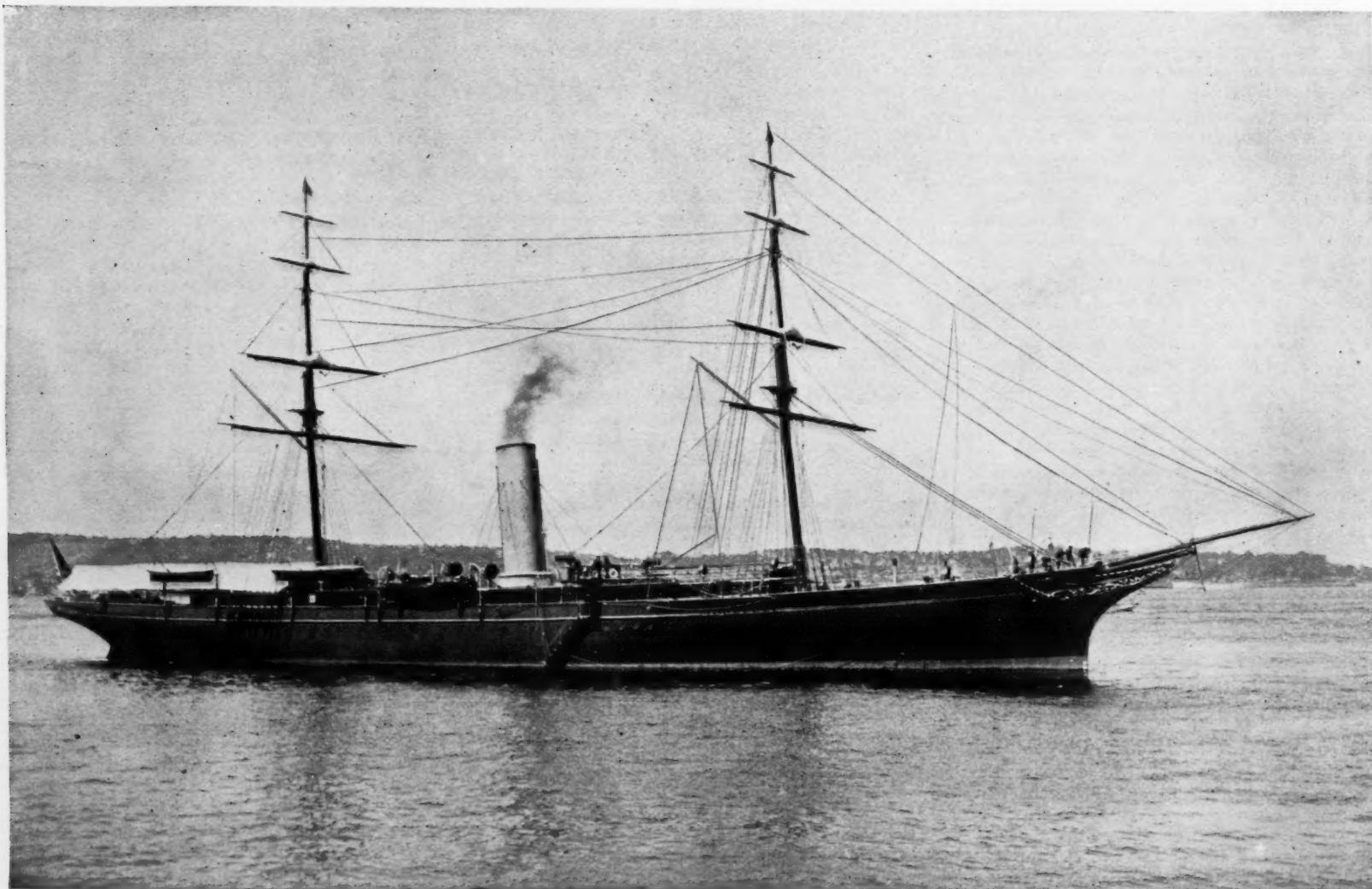




SCENE AFTER THE COLLAPSE, SHOWING THE WRECK, ALSO THE LARGE SPAN THAT FELL LATER, IN THE EVENING.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION BETWEEN EAST LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, AND JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.  
DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. M. GLOSSBRENNER.

THE 500-foot middle span of iron and the false work of the bridge under construction between East Louisville, Kentucky, and Jeffersonville, Indiana, collapsed on the morning of December 15th, crushing to death or drowning some twenty-five persons, and injuring a number of others. The disaster was caused by a strong wind which bore with great force on the ponderous frame-work, loosened the timbers, and forced the 80-foot derrick used for placing iron in position off the piles on which it was resting. The south-channel span of the bridge, about 450 feet in length, was blown down some ten hours later. The last bolts were to have been put in place in the iron superstructure on the afternoon of the day of the disaster. Many of the workmen precipitated into the river by the collapse were rescued by the steamer *Hotspur*.



MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S YACHT, THE "VALIANT," NOW MAKING A TOUR OF THE WORLD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLLES.—[SEE PAGE 7.]





"A dear little bit of muslin and lace."

## GRANDMOTHER'S FIND.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

WHAT did grandmother find to-day,  
Up in the garret-chamber dim,  
Where the cobwebs hang their draperies gray  
And the afternoon's light steals softly in?  
What was the treasure she prizes so?  
A baby's cap from the long ago.

A dear little bit of muslin and lace,  
Yellowed and worn with the touch of years,  
But oh, she can fancy the winsome face,  
And her soft blue eyes are dewy with tears,—  
The dear little face of her first-born boy—  
And her pale cheeks flush with a mother's joy.

'Tis such a queer, little, quaint device,  
With sewing the fairies might have done;  
Beyond all value, beyond all price,  
Is the baby cap of grandmother's son;  
For over his grave the daisies are white,  
But grandmother's heart is happy to-night.

"For oh," she says, "he is happy, I know,  
And heaven re-echoes with pattering feet,  
And I sometimes dream that I see the gleam  
Of the golden curls and the faces sweet.  
Oh, better a home up there for him,  
Where sorrow can never enter in!"

Wonderful relics we found to-day,  
Up in the garret-chamber dim—  
Silks in lavender laid away  
That dames in the old times courtesied in;  
Garments of many an old-time beau,  
Worn in the days of the long ago.

Grandmother's spinning-wheel spins no more;  
Silent it stands in its corner dim;  
Quiet its rest, its labors o'er,  
And the afternoon light steals softly in;  
But the wee little cap in grandmother's hand  
Has drifted her back to babyland.



## THE TRANSFORMED PORTRAIT.

By JAMES BUCKHAM.

A QUAIN old house was that in Louisiana where I had planned to spend the winter of my content—the winter following my engagement to Louise Ericsson. It was large, stately, and aristocratic, but so old, so antiquated in all its appointments, with such faded, dingy carpets and furniture, such worm-eaten and chipped door-frames and wainscoting, that I hardly knew whether to be proud or ashamed of my lodgings. But of one thing I was convinced—the old house afforded just the environment for a man who was writing a creole story. That was what brought me to Louisiana, and was also the reason of my going to lodge with Madame Deslanier, in the old Deslanier mansion, four miles from the town of Winnfield.

The house had but two stories, and the room assigned me on the second floor was almost oppressively large and high—for there is a certain oppressiveness about excess, as well as lack of space. As I sat in my easy-chair, that first evening, with three candles burning at my elbow in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, and looked up at the dim, faded frescoes, and around me at the shadowy, tapestried walls, I felt with melancholy distinctness my own insignificance and loneliness. The candles—which were all Madame Deslanier had in the way of illuminators—diffused a mere halo of light around my chair, while outside and above that dim circle swam and whirled the mysterious twilight. It seemed to me to flow in currents round and round the room—silent, slow, unceasing.

"Shall I ever overcome this uncanny feeling?" I thought. "Shall I ever be able to write, or even to sleep, in this ghostly old place?"

I lit a cigar and settled back, determined to throw off the depressed and fearsome sensations which possessed me. As my eyes gradually became more accustomed to the outer circle of twilight, I began to note my surroundings more in detail, especially the three or four old paintings that hung around the walls. One of these in particular attracted my attention. It was the life-size portrait of a girl's face—a dark, Spanish type of beauty, with lustrous eyes and hair, full crimson lips, and cheeks of olive and pomegranate, that seemed to fairly glow with actual life.

This portrait hung directly in front of me as I sat, but higher than the rest; and, in the dusk just below the lofty ceiling, what wonder I imagined, now and then, that the beautiful thing had life—imagined I saw the eyelids open and close, the eyes beam with changeable meanings, and evanescent shadows of smiles flit across the beautiful lips?

I lay back in my easy-chair for a long time, looking straight up into the lustrous eyes, which looked straight down into mine. The face was company to me in my loneliness; and it was such a strangely delightful sensation, that of looking silently and at one's leisure into real eyes, burning with real emotions and scintillating with real feeling. But—

I flung the stub of my cigar into the smoldering grate and rose hastily. What would Louise think if she could see me gazing in that way even into painted eyes? It was wrong. How would I be able to assure her—or myself—that it meant nothing whatever; that there was not the slightest danger of my ever becoming enamored of the creole beauty whose portrait hung before me, and then, in mad desire of my ideal, setting forth to seek the face which had driven my sweetheart from my memory.

I gazed no more at the portrait that night, and by morning the thought of it had vanished from my mind. I was little in my room that day, but when evening came, and I settled down to my customary cigar, it was impossible to prevent my eyes wandering to the face which had so enchanted them the previous evening. There it hung, more beautiful than ever, with a smile, I fancied, half of triumph, half of winsome reproach, in the lustrous eyes.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed. "The thing must be alive!" Then the absurdity of the supposition struck me with such force that I laughed aloud.

The next morning I had not so easily forgotten the lovely portrait, and, glancing up, saw it for the first time by daylight—a faded canvas enough, in a tarnished frame; beautiful as the suggestion of beauty, but how unlike the living, beaming face of my evening reverie! "I will watch the transformation of the portrait to-night,"

I thought. "I will see how and when the wizard twilight changes that faded mass of color to vivid, beautiful flesh and blood."

The sun had just dipped below the hills when I lit my cigar that afternoon, and leaned back in my easy-chair to watch the transformation of the portrait. Slowly the daylight died from the room. Madame Deslanier entered and placed candles on my table. I returned her greeting without taking my eyes from the portrait. With the coming of the candles I fully expected the transformation to take place, but, strangely enough, it did not. Although the conditions seemed now precisely the same as on the previous evening, when the portrait surely lived, and spoke to me with its eyes, I could see nothing more than dull canvas and painted features.

As Madame Deslanier was passing out of the room I turned my head for a moment to ask if my rice-and-milk might be served that evening in my room. The good lady consented and closed the door, and I raised my eyes immediately to the picture again.

But, presto! In that moment of averted attention it had changed from canvas and paint to flesh and blood, from death to life, from unresponsiveness to silent eloquence. The eyes that looked down into mine glowed with passion and tenderness, the lips smiled wistfully, the cheeks burned with faint and exquisite blushes.

"My God!" I exclaimed, starting up and involuntarily lifting my hands to the beautiful vision. For an instant the eyes of the woman and the eyes of the man clove together in the burning bondage of unutterable passion. Then there came a light rap at the door, the knob rattled slightly, and I sank back in my chair just as Madame Deslanier entered.

"A letter for monsieur," she said, laying it on the table and retiring.

I snatched the missive and tore it open. It was from Louise. A small photograph fell out—a mere card miniature—but oh! so dainty, so sweet, so speakingly like my darling! Remorse and love swept stormfully through me. I caught the little photograph to my lips and rained kisses upon it. As I did so, something came crashing down at my feet. I started back. It was the frame of the painting above me. The portrait itself had slid back, panel-wise, leaving a gap of staring darkness in the dim old wall.

### Madame Melba.

WHEN we speak of Australia we are apt to do so in a jocose vein and call it "Kangaroo Land." In Philadelphia, this fall, during the international cricket-matches between Australia and Philadelphia, one of the prominent retail establishments kept a live kangaroo housed in its show-window during the entire match, and all the daily papers spoke of the antipodeans as "kangaroos." But Australia is full of rare beasts, and particularly of rare birds—those that have wings but cannot fly, and of others of rare plumage and extraordinary song. None have song like our mocking-bird or the lark of old England, but peculiar cries and notes, so that the forests are filled with the most extraordinary jumble of noises one can possibly imagine.

So far as art is concerned the antipodes is the last place we look for any exemplar; and yet we have in Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel an admirable artiste of Australian birth, which we are apt to overlook because her best successes and reputation are associated with our own stage. When Madame Melba made her debut in Brussels as *Ophelia* in Ambrose Thomas's opera of "Hamlet" the art-world acknowledged its debt of gratitude to far-off Melbourne, and expressed the hope that Australia might send us more song-birds equally gifted and as beautiful to listen to. The taste in opera has undergone a radical change within the past ten years in this country. We welcome opera in every language and singers from every clime, but the school of "bel canto" had seen its best days with the waning powers of Madame Adelina Patti, and could only be galvanized into a new existence by such an incomparable exponent of pure song as Madame Melba. Those who remember Madame Patti at her best, and in later years Madame Marcella Sembrich, must perforce destroy all traditions and yield the palm to Madame Melba as the queen of colorature singers. Her voice is brilliant, yet musical, and her technique simply beyond criticism. Some exception has been taken to the tones of the

lower register and to her acting, but to me they seem adequate and in proportion to her other gifts.

When I called upon Madame Melba at her hotel I received a very friendly and cordial greeting. It was the morning after her debut in "Lucia," and she felt very happy at her reception, which really exemplified the much-abused word "ovation." It was snowing hard at the time of my visit and, as Madame Melba expressed it, "it bores me, because I cannot go out." Snow had been an unknown quantity to her until she visited Paris, and the American variety did not seem an improvement upon her Parisian experiences. So far, Madame Melba has appeared as *Nedda* in "I Pagliacci," "Lucia," "Semiramide," and "Rigoletto"; her success in the rôles of all these operas has established her as a warm favorite with our opera-goers. She has sung also in Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and been welcomed with the same enthusiasm as upon her debut in New York.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

### The First Snow.

How strange the new, soft silence in the air! So still—it seemed that we could almost hear the snow-flakes, ere we saw them, drifting down As lilies from the wall of heaven might fall— Making the whole world beautiful and fair; Brightening the lonely roads, the meadows sere, The garden beds, the hedge-briers, rough and brown, Dancing and whirling in their voiceless mirth, As if half wild with joy, to reach the earth. How strange the muffled sound of song, or call, Or echoing laughter, or faint sleigh bells' chime! Each heart keeps memory of such a time, When, on some winter morn, we waked to know The first sweet noiseless advent of the snow.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

### The Spectatorium.

(Continued from page 12.)

Board-of-Trade man, vice-president; Lyman J. Gage, banker, treasurer; and such men as George M. Pullman, John Cudahy, Ferdinand W. Peck, P. E. Studebaker, A. C. McClurg, A. McNally, Arthur Dixon, and E. H. Phelps, among the stockholders.

An immense building was erected near the lake-front, facing the northern end of Jackson Park, which was designed to be the temple of the new art. A few figures will indicate the magnitude of the work. The ground area was 360,000 square feet, or nine acres, and the height of the building to the apex of the dome 270 feet, or eight feet higher than the Ferris wheel. The rear wall of the building formed an immense semicircle, with a perimeter of over 600 feet and a height of 170 feet. Covering this was a steel roof weighing over a thousand tons. Within this gigantic frame was to be shown a picture of startling reality. The caravels, sailing freely upon an immense lake, were to be full-sized reproductions of the ships of Columbus, while trees, houses and land, as the scene at Palos, were not painted upon canvas, nor upon flies, but were actual reproductions in relief. Thirty miles of railroad track and 1,600 horsepower were required for the scene-shifting mechanism. For the lighting, 300,000 candle-power was required, the hydraulic plant was upon an equally stupendous scale, and the scenic lights were a revelation in the art of electric spectacular engineering. The working-model of the Spectatorium, which called forth the delighted ecnium of the conductor, Seidl, cost \$30,000 to construct.

This, however, was but the mechanical part. The idea which it was designed to illustrate was far grander. Mr. Mackaye describes it as follows:

"From the first my object has been to make an alliance between nature and art, such as has never before been effected, and to utilize this alliance for the most impressive and inspiring illustrations of one of the grandest stories of human struggle and achievement which history reveals. The 'spectatoria,' as I outlined it in my mind, may be defined as a combination of spectacle and oratorio. For the latter I employ three species of music—first, the symphonic, which follows all the cosmic changes of the scenes and all the dramatic action of the story, interpreting the sentimental mood and meaning of each change; second, the incidental music, occurring in the scenes themselves and forming a part of the incident of the story, illustrating with instruments of the time the music of the age, and forming what I may call an archaeological exhibit in musical art; third, choral music, forming an adaptation of the old idea of the Greek chorus, very much enlarged in its scope and character by its association with modern scene. For the purpose of the spectatoria I divided the chorus into two sections. One, composed entirely of male voices and located in the spectatorium proper, or auditorium, represents the visible or material world, and gives expression to the sentiment of that world toward the historic events depicted in panorama. The other section, located in the scenatorium, is invisible, and represents the mystic or ideal world. It is composed of male and female voices, and reveals the ideal view of the human story. At the climax of a scene it interprets the ideal value of the human act presented by the scenic picture, but during the progress of the story the spiritual contentions which are supposed to

be going on among the *dramatis personæ* are suggested to the auditors by the voices of the invisible chorus. To accomplish this the mystic chorus is again divided into two sections, one composed entirely of male voices, giving expression to the demoniac idea (doubt, despair, fear); while the other, composed entirely of female voices, expresses the divine idea (trust, hope, courage). As, for instance, during the voyage of Columbus, when the great navigator encounters, with his crews, the meteors, the storms, the mirage, the alternations of hope and fear which ultimately bred despair in the sailors, the voices of the invisible chorus celebrate the different emotions which pervade the breast of Columbus and those of his crew."

The conception was in its character so vast, and its practical realization upon a scale so grandiose, that it was the hope of its projector that it could never be successfully degraded to the presentation of the petty and the vulgar. He aimed, in short, at nothing less than to found an institution which should become a magnificent arena for the closest alliance of all the fine arts with science, philosophy, and mechanics, the whole creating a new art through which the noblest spirits, combined with the greatest scholarship, should succeed in educating and inspiring the masses, while affording the most fascinating and attractive entertainment to the cultured.

What was the cause of the failure of a scheme so noble in conception, so artistically wrought out, and so soundly supported? Some say it was too magnificent. The real cause of the collapse was the financial panic of last summer, which Chicago weathered nobly, but at the expense of many a fortune and many a gilded enterprise. The World's Fair itself appeared to be a failure, and when the Spectatorium asked for \$25,000 more to finish their work the bankers looked out upon the lines of depositors clamoring for their accounts, and refused. The investment of \$600,000 was a dead loss, and the pile of iron and staff was sold to a wrecking company for \$2,500.

But Mackaye, though for a time prostrated by the blow, is still courageous, and as firm a believer in his idea as ever, and is busy upon an adaptation of the World Finder for production upon a reduced scale this winter.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

### Miss Larrabee and the Iceberg.

LONG after Paul Jones shall have been forgotten good sailormen will remember Miss Larrabee, of Portland, Maine. She took the wheel when the ship *San Joaquin* crashed head on into a giant iceberg in the South Atlantic and all the men on board were frozen with terror.

Miss Larrabee is the skipper's sister. This was her second trip around Cape Horn, and she was on the quarter-deck at 8 o'clock in the evening of September 8th, nearly 380 miles north-east of the Falkland Islands, on the way from Hogo to this port. Second Mate Guthrie and a Japanese sailor were perched on the fore-castle head, anxiously straining their eyes at the blackness ahead. Suddenly a vast gray bank of what seemed to be only vapor loomed up in their course. Too late they saw that it was ice and fled, roaring with fear.

The steersman ran trembling from the wheel just as the ship plunged into the grinding mass. With a frightful tumult, innumerable tons of ice, dislodged from the overhanging side of the berg, thundered down upon the deck, carrying away bowsprit, jibboom, foremast, main-topmast and mizzen-topgallant, and crushing the port bow from the fore-castle back to a few feet below the main deck.

Miss Larrabee leaped to the helm and whirled the wheel hard-a-port while all the sailormen were running wildly for shelter. The ship's red port lantern darted rays into a jagged cavern that seemed endless. With a constant grinding awful to hear, the vessel rolled alongside the floating glacier. High overhead was a sullen arch of ice, ready to fall at any moment and blot the ship and her company from the face of the sea.

After minutes that seemed hours, all hands fell to work backing the mizzen-topgallant yard. Fired by the spinter's bravery, the crew outdid themselves. She was at once an inspiration and a reproach. At last the yard was set back and the ship, helped by the northwesterly wind, slowly moved, stern first, out from under the threatening canopy.

No one slept that night on the *San Joaquin*. Miss Larrabee seemed to be everywhere, encouraging the men who were clearing away the raffle of ruined rigging and the ice that buried it. Within twenty-four hours a jury rig had been set up forward, and with its help the ship sailed nearly six thousand miles to Sandy Hook, where she arrived two weeks since.

Miss Larrabee's modesty in port is as notable as her bravery at sea, for when I asked her about the collision she said: "It's all in the



log." Her brother, the skipper, says the berg was fifteen hundred feet high, but as the greatest berg ever measured in the polar seas did not exceed seven hundred feet in height above the water line, it is fair to believe that dread gave him new eyes. WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

## Great Falls of the Missouri.

THROUGH the plateaus skirting the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains in Montana the Missouri River has cut a channel far below the surface. In this cañon roar the Great Falls, where the mighty stream is projected over a ledge nearly one hundred feet in height. No sign or sound of this marvel of waters is perceived within even a mile of the cañon.

Starting from the town of Great Falls, the nearest point on the Great Northern Railroad, one must proceed by carriage or horseback twelve miles over the rolling plateaus. A slightly traveled road leads through pasture lands. Heavy wooden gates have to be opened and closed, and though following directions strictly, one involuntarily exclaims, "Can this be the way to the Great Falls?"

After traveling many miles, as it seems, without hearing a sound of the falls, the road turns to the right and begins a slight descent, and faint suggestions of an abyss beyond come into view. Then the blind roadway disappears altogether in a sheep-ranch inclosure surrounded by sheds and stables and corrals, and a cabin home.

An opening appears in the fence on the lower side, and again the road is seen leading down the precipice into the cañon below the falls. The sound of the cataract is now heard, and a turn of the road brings to sight a part of the foaming flood. But the full sweep of the falls cannot be seen until one is almost within the spray. A wall of rock in the middle of the chasm shuts off the view. Climbing around this, what a scene is confronted! Such a confusion of falling, foaming waters and clouds of mist! There is a mass of water one hundred feet across plunging down perpendicularly for nearly as many feet. To the right are rock terraces and ledges and channels, over which the waters from the broad stream above fall and leap and dash in furious descent. Here seems to be represented, as in the tumbling waters at Iodore, though on a grander scale, every form in which falling waters can be magnificently displayed. The spectacle completely fills the cañon between the inclosing walls, a distance of five hundred feet.

Up rise the cliffs nearly a thousand feet on either side and shut out the rays of the sun from these depths, save for a few short hours when the days are long.

Down in this cañon, filled with never-ending thunder and rising spray, the air is dank and the chill of evening always prevails.

It is the Niagara of the West, yet but a few hundred, possibly a few thousand people have seen it, and only a few more have heard of it.

It is easy to account for its present obscurity. It is in a region unfrequented by tourists. Until five years ago, when the Great Northern Railroad penetrated this part of Montana, it was practically inaccessible, abandoned to cattle and sheep ranches. In the populous East or on the Pacific coast, where the tides of travel sweep, it would long since have become famous.

Following along the edge of the plateau for six miles up stream, one comes in view of another fall, not so grand but more beautiful—Rainbow Falls. These are fifty feet high, formed by an even ledge extending from one side of the gorge to the other, four hundred feet. Here the cañon is not so deep as at the Great Falls, and on the right side a long stairway of two hundred or more steps leads down below the falls into a mist-land of rocks and surges. As the sun shines through the clouds of spray the air is glorious with rainbows, which give the name to the falls. A short distance above is a jagged fall of about equal height, called Crooked Falls. Nor does this exhaust the series of cataracts. A few miles farther up stream, and three miles below the city of Great Falls, are the Black Eagle Falls. They consist of raging rapids over successive shelves of rock. Though blocked with a dam and having power houses on either side, the scene is one of grandeur. The enormous machinery on the north bank that runs one of the largest smelters in Montana, and the electric plant on the south side that supplies motive power and lights the city, are but playthings for the side currents of this mighty stream.

The foaming mass of water is a fascinating sight from the high banks above, where an observation pavilion has been built. Far below, hanging airily over the rushing flood, is a suspension foot-bridge, over which the workmen of the smelter pass. Looking up the river are two

other bridges that in the distance seem like cobwebs.

The point of historic and romantic interest is the island in the midst of the surges. On it are stunted trees and the prostrate trunk of an old oak. In 1805, when Lewis and Clark passed up the river on their memorable expedition, this was a green tree. They noted that the branches spreading out over the foaming water held the nest of a black eagle, and they named the falls accordingly the Black Eagle Falls.

It is said that this eagle's nest was long known and superstitiously regarded by the Indians. Here came the warriors of many tribes, who desired to be chiefs, and they gathered plumes from this nest as a charm and augury of success in battle. When the present city of Great Falls was laid out, seven years ago, the tree, though fallen, still harbored in its dead branches a brood of eagles. The nest has since been broken up and carried away.

One must descend the right bank of the river a short way to see one of the wonders of the world.

"Close beside the great Missouri,  
Ere it takes its second leap,  
Is a spring of sparkling water  
Like a river broad and deep."

It is the Giant Spring. It is an underground river, which rises in a boiling pool and flows, a raging torrent, over the rocks down into the murky waters of the Missouri. The emerald basin is fringed with water-cresses. As one looks intently into the unknown depths of the bubbling fountain the mystery of its cause is suggested. All the fancies of the water-sprites of German lore crowd the mind, and one can almost see the swaying mist-form of the beautiful Undine rising out of the fairy caverns below.

No wonder the Indians regarded with awe the spring that rose and fell and gurgled as if in spasms of pain. Their medicine-men gave strange accounts of it. One is as follows: "This is the pure stream that flows through the earth to the sun. It asks for offerings. We cast the spoils of war into it and it carries them to the sun's *teepee*, and the sun is glad and so shines for all."

A foot-wood pathway extends up the hillside and through a revolving gate that counts the curious few that come to see this strange phenomenon.

Some miles up the river the walls of the cañon disappear, the stream becomes broad and shallow, and on a sloping plain stands the busy little city of Great Falls, throbbing and sparkling with the electric life which the mighty river imparts. Long bridges reach over the thousand-foot river. A simple log dam backs the waters up and forms Broadwater Bay, just opposite the town. Here little steamboats float and navigate many miles up stream.

Into the head of this bay flows the Sun River—so named by the Indians because of its bright, shining surface, that the sun-god seemed to choose for his reflection. On the level banks of this stream the Blackfeet would gather in the warm days of summer and hold their sun-dances—for they were sun-worshippers. They were decked with mica and quartz, and all bright trinkets that would reflect the sun, and they sought to rival the shining river and thus please the great sun-spirit. HERBERT HEYWOOD.

## Foot-ball in California.

ON Thanksgiving Day the great foot-ball contest of the year in California took place in San Francisco. California State University lined up against Leland Stanford Junior University. The blue and gold of the State University and the cardinal of Stanford University were seen everywhere. But long before the twenty thousand spectators reached the ground the colors were dripping and discolored by a rain-storm which began in the morning and lasted throughout the day. The rain, however, could not keep the crowd at home nor dampen their enthusiasm, although the gridiron field was a sea of mud.

In the first half of the game the University of California scored a touchdown. Stanford did not score. During this half, Hunt of the University of California had the misfortune to have his leg broken. Hunt is the famous half-back who McClung said could take the half-back position on any team in the United States. Hunt, at any rate, is the best player on the Pacific coast.

In the second half, Stanford made a touchdown, tying the score. When time was called, the ball was in the centre of the field. Berkeley excelled in kicking and tackling. Stanford fumbled more, but played better on the line. The two quarter-backs, Code and Benson, the latter the captain of the Berkeley team, were ruled off for using their fists too freely.

The tie will probably be played off in January. It will be remembered that the contest last year also ended in a tie. The delay will

favor the State University at Berkeley, as Hunt will have recovered, and "Brick" Morse, another phenomenal half-back, will play for Berkeley. Morse did not play on Thanksgiving because of an injury received in practice two days previous. Before the game Stanford was the favorite, three to one, on account of Berkeley's best man being injured.

Foot-ball on the Pacific coast is an expensive luxury. Pop Bliss, Yale '92, coached the Stanford team, and W. W. Heffelfinger, also Yale '92, coached the Berkeley boys. Both coaches received a salary of one hundred dollars a week and their expenses to and from the East. Bliss was here nine weeks, and Heffelfinger, eight.

MABEL C. CRAFT.

## Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's Yacht.

IN recent years it has become the fashion among men of wealth and leisure to seek recreation and enjoyment in scouring the seas in yachts which rival in equipment and magnificence the finest ocean steamers. Scores of vessels of this class, owned by wealthy citizens of this metropolis, are now afloat in home and foreign waters, and their movements are chronicled in the gazettes of fashion and marine bulletins with just as much particularity as those of our vessels of war, moving here and there on national errands. One of the most sumptuous of these yachts, probably the finest in the world, is the *Valiant*, owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. The *Valiant*, which was built at Birkenhead, England, is 312 feet in length, 2,400 tons measurement, twin screws, with two engines of 2,250 horse power each. She was built without regard to cost, and is alike complete and luxurious in all her appointments.

The *Valiant* is now making a tour of the world with Mr. Vanderbilt and his family. Some time was spent in the Mediterranean, whose delightful climate wooes so many American visitors. Fortunate are those who can in this way escape the harsh and eccentric climatic conditions of our northern latitudes and find anchorage, in all seasons of the year, under benignant skies.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

### A REGIMENT OF CONVICTS.

AMONG our foreign pictures is one illustrative of the convict guerilla regiment, organized at Melilla by a Spanish officer, from convicts and roving persons for the purpose of fighting the Moors in their own savage fashion. The men, many of whom had received life sentences, were ready to face any danger on the chance of securing their freedom. In the selection of recruits the officer gave the preference to those who had been convicted of crimes of violence. They were armed with rifles and daggers, and before entering upon active duty were addressed by their commander, who, handling his revolver and dirk, told them plainly that any one who disobeyed orders or turned his back on a foe would meet instant death at his hands. The "Black Watch," as they were called, proved an immediate success, drawing the Moors, by clever tactics, under the fire of the forts, which did great execution. The people of Melilla were soon able, under the alert protection of these defenders, to rest in security against the Riffians, who previously had made nightly raids up to the very walls of the city. The regiment was finally disbanded, owing to the mutilation of a captured spy by one of the convict soldiers, an act which led not only to the death sentence being carried out in the case of the guilty convict, but to the return to their chains of the whole guerilla band. Our illustration represents the commander, with a portion of his convict force, preparing for a fight. We also give a picture of the cage used for the confinement of convicts under sentence of death at Melilla.

### THE LOWELL MEMORIAL.

The memorial to James Russell Lowell in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, which was unveiled with impressive ceremonies on the 28th of November last, consists of two stained-glass windows, one of which is divided by two mullions into three parts, while at the bottom of the other is a medallion portrait of the minister, author, and poet. On the three sections of the mullioned window are representations of an angel bearing a shield, below the arms of the United States; the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers from the *Mayflower*, and the figure of St. Botolph. On the other window are the figures of Sir Launfal, an angel bearing a shield below the arms of the United Kingdom, and a figure of St. Ambrose, as well as a symbolic representation of the emancipation of the slaves. The subscribers to the memorial fund

embraced many of the leading literary, ecclesiastical, and political personages of England, and the unveiling ceremonies were attended by a throng of notables, including many members of the government. Dean Bradley presided. Leslie Stephens presented the memorial, which was received by the American minister, Mr. Bayard, on behalf of the United States. The London correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "His short speech was conceived in that spirit of dignity which is characteristic of Mr. Bayard. He condensed into a few minutes the material of a long address, filled with allusions, imagery, literature, and regard for Lowell. He did, as his successor, justice to Lowell's diplomatic services and to his Americanism in England, which in these later days is better understood than it sometimes was while he was minister." It is a striking proof of the popularity of Mr. Lowell in England that the recently published memorial volumes of his Letters have found a very large sale, and that, in literary circles especially, his memory is cherished with peculiar tenderness.

### A NEW YEAR'S CEREMONY.

One of our pictures illustrates an incident of New Year's Day in Berlin. On that day the German Emperor visits the old Arsenal, with his generals, for the purpose of being present at the ceremony of giving out the watchword by the officer-of-the-day. He wears his service uniform, and is for the time a soldier with the rest. The ceremony ends, he retires, with an official salute from his comrades and subjects.

## FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

## Madame Melba.

Prima-donna Soprano, Metropolitan Opera-house, New York.

AN essentially musical face. In it, and most distinct, are the indications of a purely musical temperament. A temperament swayed by emotions, sympathetic and warm. Above the eyebrows melody has set its stamp, and the brows themselves indicate the existence of patient endeavor and a nicely balanced sense of technique and calculation of effect. The nose is eloquent of individuality, and the expanded nostrils speak of ready sensibilities and a nature quick to receive impression. The mouth is flexible, the



MADAME MELBA.

lips mobile, ready to depict the ever-changing impulse, spontaneous and full of enthusiasm. Smiles and tears lie close to the surface, either swift to spring into being at the bidding of her art. It is an essentially feminine nature, self-appreciative, ardent, and capable of great tenderness. But it is pervaded by an instinct of ambition which is deep, powerful, and progressive. She can exert much force of will when aroused, but is pliable in hands which know and feel the intensity of her nature. Pure, liquid, and melodious is the voice to which her temperament gives birth; as full of charm and sweetness as is the personality of the gifted singer whose inner self finds utterance in its tones.





THE AMERICAN SHIP "SAN JOAQUIN" RUNNING INTO A GREAT ICEBERG IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.—DRAWN BY FRED. B. SCHELL.  
[SEE THE STORY OF MISS LARRABEE'S HEROISM IN SAVING THE SHIP, ON PAGE 6.]





THE GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.—DRAWN BY FRED. B. SCHILL.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

"There is a mass of water one hundred feet across, plunging down perpendicularly for nearly as many feet. To the right are rock terraces and ledges and channels, over which the waters from the broad stream above leap and dash in furious descent. The spectacle completely fills the canon between the inclosing walls a distance of five hundred feet. The cliffs are nearly a thousand feet in height on either side."





## A Night in a Balloon.

By John Ernest McCann.

ONE day, eighteen years ago, Ring & Tent's great circus came to Boston town, and of course all the boys in Wellesley heard of it and were wild with excitement in consequence thereof.

We had never even seen a circus parade. This was a chance not to be missed; so all the boys in Wellesley met in a hollow at the end of Blossom Street, near the college grounds, at seven o'clock at night, and formed ourselves into a ways and means committee to collect funds to carry us into Boston and under the big circus tent.

I was Dick Ralph, and captain of the Wellesley Base-ball Club. The others were the other eight members of the club. We were all good friends. After every game we would vote for captain, and the boy who made the most runs and sacrifices, and had the least errors credited to him, was always elected captain. No boy was captain for two consecutive games.

As captain, my plan of reaching Boston was adopted, after a pretty heated discussion. There was about ten dollars in the treasury. The fare both ways would be sixty cents, and twenty-five cents to enter the circus would make eighty-five cents per boy. There would be only two dollars and thirty-five cents left for food, lemonade, and sundries for nine boys. That would never do. So we all agreed to get up early and walk the fifteen miles to Boston, thereby saving two dollars and seventy cents, which, added to the two dollars and thirty-five cents, would leave us a surplus of five dollars and five cents.

We reached the circus-grounds about ten o'clock the next day. The tent was pitched out at the end of what is now the centre of Commonwealth Avenue. We made ourselves so useful to the circus-men that we were all passed into the tent free to witness the afternoon performance. We didn't expect such good fortune, as we deemed it a privilege to help drive stakes, handle ropes, spread sawdust, and water the circus horses. The circus was a revelation to us all. The clown was the funniest clown in the world. The ladies who rode the horses were angels in cloudy dresses. The gentlemen bare-back riders were princes and kings. The music was heavenly, and the wild animals were glorious. Nothing like them in Wellesley!

After the performance we all hurried out to see the balloon go up. Dangling from the basket of the balloon was a trapeze. Near it stood a handsome, strong-jawed man, in tights and spangles. He wanted to know, facetiously, if any of us boys wanted to make the trip with him. I guess he didn't think that any of us did want to, but he was mistaken, for before I knew it I was in the basket, the ropes were untied, and I was a mile high, looking over the edge of the basket at the crowd below, and the balloonist performing on the trapeze under the basket.

By and by he climbed into the basket beside me, pulled in the trapeze, coiled it up and threw it in a corner. Then he began to talk. Somehow I didn't like that man on closer acquaintance. His speech was rough and his mustache was dyed. We were up about two hours when it began to grow dark. We couldn't see the earth at all. We were above the clouds—or in them. It was cold and damp. The lightning began to shoot all around us, and terrific peals of thunder almost split my ear-drums. My companion began to look anxious. When I spoke to him he did not answer. I became alarmed. As the storm increased his face became blacker and blacker. I began to send little prayers up above the clouds, until he made me stop, saying: "Prayers won't get us out of this. Shut up!"

The balloon was careering like a dory off Marblehead in a storm. It did seem as if it turned over and over. I thought I never should play base-ball with the Wellesley boys again. Suddenly, beneath us, was heard a booming, and we began slowly to descend. When before we had tried to descend the valve wouldn't work. Now the balloonist told me to throw over the bags of sand. We rose a little and then gradually fell again. All the sand was out, and the booming became louder. It was as black as mid-Africa on a dark night.

"Do you know what that is?" suddenly asked my companion.

"No," I answered.

"It is the Atlantic! Both of us needn't go,

but one of us must. I've got a wife and children dependent upon me for support. Out you go!"

Saying which, he seized me and dropped me overboard. I fell into wild waters, and when I arose I was alone. I struck out in the dark blindly. A great wave lifted me and dashed me, I knew not whither, but when I regained my senses I was lying on the shore of Lake Champlain, with the sun shining in my face.

The boys were as glad to see me as I was to see them, when I got back to Wellesley, I think.

That was in the summer of 1875, and balloon and balloonist have never been heard of since.

## The Professor's Bear Story.

By W. S. Telford.

"No, young gentlemen," said the professor in physics, fondly toying as he spoke with the strings of the Atwood's machine, "no; man cannot trifle with the laws of gravitation. I once had this brought very forcibly to my notice; yes, very forcibly. The story of the

and turned with a smile at my foiled pursuer behind me.

"What was my surprise and anxiety to see him just taking a short run preparatory to following me. Not a moment was to be lost. I pulled myself together and we sprang from opposite banks at the same moment, passed in mid air and alighted simultaneously on opposite sides of the river. Again I saw him prepare to spring; there was no alternative. Again and still again we made the leap, and at the fifth crossing the expression of mingled cunning and ferocity in his eye—it was the left eye, sir—appalled me. No, gentlemen; I could not see the other eye, but it doubtless expressed fixity of purpose. I have seldom seen a more persevering bear. It appalled me, and I was prepared for a change of tactics. Sure enough, the infuriated animal took a longer run, and as we passed he arrested his progress through the atmosphere, gave a vicious growl, and aimed a savage blow at my flying form with his right fore-paw.

"He missed me, and his fate was sealed. Of course he had never studied the laws of nature in the light of modern science, and did not know that a heavy body arrested in its flight must fall. As I struck the cliff I heard the bear strike the rocks below with a sickening thud.

"No; you cannot tamper with the immutable laws of gravity. I see that the recitation-hour has expired. You are dismissed."



"I HAVE SELDOM SEEN A MORE PERSEVERING BEAR."

occurrence may be of value to the class as an illustration. I was camping one summer at the mouth of a trout stream on Lake Superior. One day I went up the trail with my rod, but meeting with no success, started back down stream. I should say that the trail ran parallel to the stream for several miles, crossing it once about half a mile from the mouth by a log bridge. This had burned away, but on my way up I had no difficulty in crossing the gorge by a running jump. It was, however, deep, perhaps sixty feet or more. As I was retracing my steps my attention was arrested by light foot-falls behind me, and turning I saw in the trail a full-grown black bear. I was naturally eager to secure such a fine prize, but my rifle was at the tent, and I hastened on to procure it. Soon I noticed that the bear was also hastening, and I immediately suspected mischief. I confess that my usually firm nerves were somewhat shaken by the thought that he might contemplate incorporating me into his anatomy. So I considerably accelerated my pace, and hoped soon to terminate the chase by a leap across the chasm I just mentioned. At last we reached the spot, I jumped over, alighted in safety on the far side,

## A Litter of Bloodhound Puppies.

It is very doubtful if there are to-day two boys any happier than a pair of chums I know. One day in the woods, about a year ago, they came upon a melancholy sight. Upon some fallen leaves, a tangled mass of heads, legs and tails, lay a whole litter of puppies, squirming, hungry, cold and frightened, and near by, stretched stiff and cold, deaf to their cries, their mother—dead. It was very pitiful, but it did not take those two boys long to decide what to do, and in twenty minutes those orphan puppies were cuddled warm in a bed of straw. To feed them was not so easy. However, most



THE LITTER OF BLOODHOUND PUPPIES.

things are possible to a pair of energetic boys of fourteen, and after a hasty consultation the matter was settled. And you would have laughed to see those two great boys, their long legs curled round to make laps, each feeding a puppy with a baby's nursing-bottle. It took a good while, but the idea worked. The puppies, which turned out to be bloodhounds, and first-class dogs at that, proved to be about six weeks old, and were easily taught to drink from a pie-plate, and it was a most comical sight to see the batch around a dish, noses in the milk, tongues busy and tails quivering with eagerness. To cut a long story short, the other day, after each choosing one to keep, those lucky boys sold their dogs in town for twenty-five dollars apiece. The stable seemed very, very empty when they reached home, but it was great fun to have such a lot of money, and at last accounts they were busy making plans as to how to spend "our money."

## Prize Winners.

Silver bracelet—Grace T. Sanderson, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Silver pencil—M. J. Phillips, Owosso, Michigan.

## Honor Roll.

Leon Fetter, John S. Fletcher, Helen V. Milla, Thomas H. Whitney, Jr., Bessie H. Mackie, Lillian Russell, Grace E. Mossman, Emil Fischer, Jamie Muller, Simon Freund, F. L. Sawyer, Charles N. Lurie, Orville Swander, Philip W. Moore, Bertha M. White, Mary Frances Kenny, Albert Brown, Jacques Weinberger, Sadie F. Lewis, Alice M. Brigham, Grace Marlin, Susa Ewing, Mabel Hopkins, Elise Price, Charles W. Twinnam, Gladys Robinson, Otto N. Davies.

## Prize Answers.

- I. Henry VIII.
- II. He was clever, learned, egotistical, capricious, self-willed, energetic, and unscrupulous, but withal had a high appreciation of his duty as a king.
- III. He was married six times; beheading two of his wives, divorcing two, one dying a natural death, and the last, Catherine Parr, by the exercise of a most delicate tact, outliving him.
- IV. Henry repudiated the power of Rome, passed an act of supremacy, and proclaimed himself sole head of a new church, the Episcopal, which he called the Church of England.
- V. Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey.

## Prize Announcement.

It has been forcibly brought to the notice of the children's editor of late that comparatively little is known by American children in general of American history;—at best but a smattering and a vague idea of the series of events which have placed the United States upon its present footing as one of the greatest nations of the earth. With the idea of encouraging the study of our own history just at this time, when the great exposition has recently marked an epoch in its course, a series of prize questions has been planned, designed to cover as nearly as possible all leading events. For four successive numbers historical questions will be given, for the most correct and carefully-written answers to which two prizes will be offered in each issue. One for boys and one for girls. And at the close of the series one extra prize will be given for that set of answers which shall show the greatest evidence of study and care in preparation. This prize will be duly announced, and the prize answers printed in full. All our little friends are invited to take part in the contest, and the attention of teachers is called to the fact that excellent results can be obtained by this means, and the tediousness of study be enlivened by the addition of individual interest and the personal honor to be striven for.

## Prize Offer.

For girls, a silver bracelet.  
For boys, a folding silver pencil.  
To be awarded for the most correct and neatly-written answers to the following historical questions:

- I. Who first landed an English colony in America; when and under what circumstances?
  - II. What grant laid the foundation of free government in America?
  - III. Who were the Pilgrims; from where did they come, and why?
  - IV. What other settlers emigrated to America about this time and soon after?
  - V. What attitude did the native Indians assume toward these settlers?
- As the discovery of America by Columbus and the many thrilling adventures of the successive explorers who little by little passed over and around the New World have been so much discussed of late, it has been deemed sufficient to commence the questions at the opening of the period of the settlement of the United States.

Answers should be sent in on or before January 16th, 1894, and should be addressed care Children's Editor, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

This competition is open to all.



# FOR THE WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY ELLA STARR



A FASHIONABLE HAT OF VELVET AND MOUSSELINE DE SOIE.

## In Fashion's Glass.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

As the ring of the Christmas bells becomes merely an echo, the new year dawns, and when friends give us greetings by way of compliment, many of us are forced to recall the sentiment expressed by Tom Hood:

"It's very well to wish me a New Year,  
But wish me a new hat!"

or, perhaps,

"—while you're wishing, wish me, please,  
A new pair of shoes!"

As modest exchequers are in the majority, the gowns prepared for the social functions which always transpire after the holidays are carried out with an eye to economy; and there is a plenty of inexpensive materials to make them from. Every one knows of the many advantages of crêpon—its cheapness, durability and effectiveness, and the illustration on this page shows its attractions in the evening gown for a young girl. The skirt is perfectly plain and shapely, while the bodice is made full over a close lining. The color is a rich rose pink, and round the neck is a double bertha of mousseline de soie, while the full sleeves and folded belt are of rose velvet or satin. Soft silks are very reasonable in price this season, and very pretty evening



EVENING DRESS OF CRÉPON.

gowns with simple trimmings of lace are made from them. While touching upon economy I will explain a device by which one may have pretty dresses and several changes without making too serious demands on the pocket-book. One may have two or three under dresses of light-colored silk, consisting of a closely-fitting and well boned bodice, and a gored skirt trimmed with one or two flounces. Over this is worn a loose tunic, something on the Greek order, and a narrow stiffened belt of satin ribbon, velvet, or jet will adjust the tunic to the figure. If the under dress is in ivory or cream white, the tunics may be of various pale tints, with one in black lace or grenadine to ring on the changes.

This winter the styles for evening and ball dresses are frequently borrowed from several different periods. The 1830 fashion, with its round, low bodice and drooping shoulders, is still favored; the Louis XV. style, with full-skirted coats, is freely introduced; the Empire frocks are more or less popular, and additionally the Louis XIII. robes, trimmed with deep point lace, are at least distinguished-looking. Another high novelty is the Louis XV. robe—or it is more properly a revival, as it was the mode several years ago. It has a long, pointed bodice and panniers which finish at the back in a puffed drapery. It generally opens over a petticoat embroidered in silk or covered with narrow flounces of chiffon or lace. The piece which forms the pointed vest front often matches the petticoat.

Tulle and tarlatan are being used extensively this season for evening gowns, but are not to be recommended as economical, because they are so perishable. Yet I saw one lovely gown in white tulle which did not cost over much, and was the height of prettiness. The foundation was white-and-gold shot taffeta, and was cut with a bell skirt. Upon the upper part of the skirt the tulle was laid on plain, while the lower part was covered with three knife-pleated flounces of the tulle, headed by a tiny frill. The tulle was pleated over a tight-fitting bodice of the silk, and belted by a girdle of gold and pearl passementerie. The full sleeves were made of a succession of pleatings of tulle, and the open neck of the bodice was edged with the passementerie. Fine white tarlatan could be made on these same lines quite as effectively, and with less cost. White bobbinet, or Russian net, as it is sometimes called, made up over white tarlatan is wonderfully effective, and has the appearance of soft crêpe. A white sateen lining is sufficient for this, which thus lessens the cost considerably.

A great deal of moire is worn this season, and there is moire antique, French moire, or that charming variety, shot moire, to select from. An exceedingly pretty and light variety has recently been introduced in imported gowns—a sort of gauze moire having the lights and shadows of the familiar kind, but without its harsh stiffness. It makes up into the most stylish and quaint ball-room gowns, and is, withal, becoming.

It is said that princesse robes are coming into fashion again, especially for at-homes and evening wear. I doubt if they will become a rage, for they are over trying to one's figure, and none but women of the most shapely proportions would have the temerity to wear them. For children's dresses, however, the princesse model is always desirable. A very pretty party dress for a little girl is in white angora with tiny colored dots all over it. It is cut in the princesse shape, and the skirt is trimmed with two bias ruffles of the material, each one bordered by a narrow satin piping of the color of the dots. Two similar ruffles make a bertha over the shoulders which falls upon the wide sleeves. Another pretty party dress is in white crêpon trimmed with bows and ribbon in rainbow tints. Still another is in soft white muslin with ruffles of lace as a trimming, and a sleeveless zouave jacket in lemon-yellow velvet edged with gold passementerie. A mauve nun's-veiling frock has bretelles over the shoulders, belt and knots of ribbon in magenta satin striped with mauve and mother-of-pearl. This is worn over a chemisette and full sleeves of lace.

## MANTLES AND BONNETS.

The cloaks and wraps worn this season are all designated as mantles, and the most of them are particularly "smart," especially the one which is illustrated. It is generally becoming and a most comfortable shape to wear, and is

made of a heavy, corded black silk, ornamented with jet, and bands of bear round the neck and down the front. The back is likewise gathered on to the yoke, and the jet is carried up to define the side shapes. The model could be effectively carried out in any shade of cloth, with the body box-pleated to the yoke instead of being gathered.

I saw a charming little evening wrap made from a white Paisley shawl. It was cut in a half-long full cape, with the shawl border of palm leaves around the lower edge, below which was an additional band of white Mongolia fur. A band of the fur also trimmed the neck, and a bertha cape of the shawl border was arranged over the shoulders, extending in a deep point at



BOY'S VELVET DRESS.

the centre back. The entire cape was lined with white broché silk, quilted. A stylish and inexpensive opera cloak is made of red cashmere, with a double shoulder cape and ruffled collar of the material piped with white satin. The cloak entirely conceals the dress, and is lined with soft white silk slightly quilted.

There are all sorts and conditions of bonnets, which are truly wonderful. Plateaus that are



A SILK MANTLE WITH JET TRIMMINGS.

bent in any way which is most becoming; little three-cornered continentals of felt, velvet, or satin, which are jaunty to a degree; small toques of cloth and fur; large hats of velvet with waving plumes, and tiny nothings of jet and velvet which encircle the hair, to wear at the theatre—each and all are the mode. Perhaps the newest of all are shapes covered with silk beaver, like that used on men's high hats. Any clever woman will rescue a cast-off silk hat from some male member of her family, strip off the beaver covering, brush it well, and with the aid of a little velvet, fur, or feathers and jet, transform it into the most up-to-date hat of the season.

The fancy muff is the success of the hour, and there are most exquisite models in the various shops. One of the newest is the

"Josephine," made of two funnel-shaped pieces of velvet, warmly lined, and joined at their narrowest openings. The joining is then concealed by a broad satin ribbon tied in a *choux* bow, in which nestles a humming-bird. The muff lined with ermine is only used for visiting, being particularly desirable to carry with light gloves. The furriers have tried hard to introduce the immense muffs of our grandmothers, but for obvious reasons they were not a "go" with the present-day woman.

## Dickens in New York.

WHEN Dickens first came to America, in 1842, he was only thirty years old, and was as conceited a specimen of British vulgarity as ever crossed the seas. He was not pleased with anything; he did not mean to be. The underbred Englishman, when young and lusty and ignorant, is as objectionable as it is possible for man to be. Fifty-two years ago, when Dickens was gathering his material for his "American Notes," he was young, lusty, ignorant, and underbred, and did many things and said many things that he lived to repent.

It is related of him that in a certain Southern city the landlord of the hotel at which he was stopping called upon him to offer his best services in making the young English novelist comfortable. "Are you the publican who keeps this inn?" Dickens asked. "I am," replied the dignified and white-haired landlord, who had carried a sword and borne a commission in the American army in the war of 1812. "Very well," said the young celebrity, pompously, "when I need you I will ring for you." Nothing save a high sense of the obligations of hospitality prevented the old officer from resenting this affront with the sword that thirty years before had been drawn against the British invaders.

But when Dickens came to America the second time he had taken on the mellowness of age; he had passed that limit of "forty years" where Thackeray says wisdom begins; indeed, he was well past it, for he was fifty-five, and time and work and study and experience had ripened and sweetened his nature. He was on this second visit willing and prepared to be pleased, and he was pleased with much that he saw and experienced, even apart from the satisfaction that was his in sending back to England more than fifty thousand dollars as the profits of his readings.

When in New York he made his home at the Westminster Hotel, at Sixteenth Street and Irving Place, and in one of his letters he tells of his gratitude to his landlord for attentions, and mentions a late sitting with his host over brandy-and-water. Writing to Mr. Foster, his biographer, he said of this hotel: "There are hotels close here with five hundred bed-rooms and I don't know how many boarders; but this hotel is quite as quiet as, and not much larger than, Mevart's in Brook Street. My rooms are all *en suite*, and I come and go by a private door and private stair-case communicating with my bed-room. The waiters are French, and one might be living in Paris. One of the two proprietors is also proprietor of Niblo's Theatre, and the greatest care is taken of me."

These records show a most pleasant and gratifying change in the man after twenty-five years. Another twenty-five years has passed since the novelist was in New York, but the Westminster Hotel still flourishes where it was when Dickens found it so comfortable, but the hotel is not as small as it was then, and from time to time the modern improvements have been added. But it is interesting to know that the suite that Dickens occupied has been preserved very much as it was in his day, and that though the hotel has entertained many distinguished men, and is still patronized by such, there is more affectionate curiosity about the Dickens apartments than about any of the others.

This reminds us that Dickens retains his hold upon readers in the same way that Scott and Thackeray do. This is not only the case with readers who use libraries, but the actual sales of his books are still very large. This popularity is so unquestioned that if those readings of the winter of '67-'68 were to be held this year we should probably witness over again, that which amazed the novelist himself, long lines of men waiting in the bitter cold for the chance to get a ticket to hear and see him. The writer well remembers the pleasure the readings gave him. He had read Dickens and formed his own opinion of Dickens's characters; he had seen plays and noted how the actors conceived the parts; now he saw Dickens's characters as they appeared to their creator, and they were different from either of the others. And in his presence were happily forgotten the nasty things he said after his earlier visit. This was best of all.

P. P.

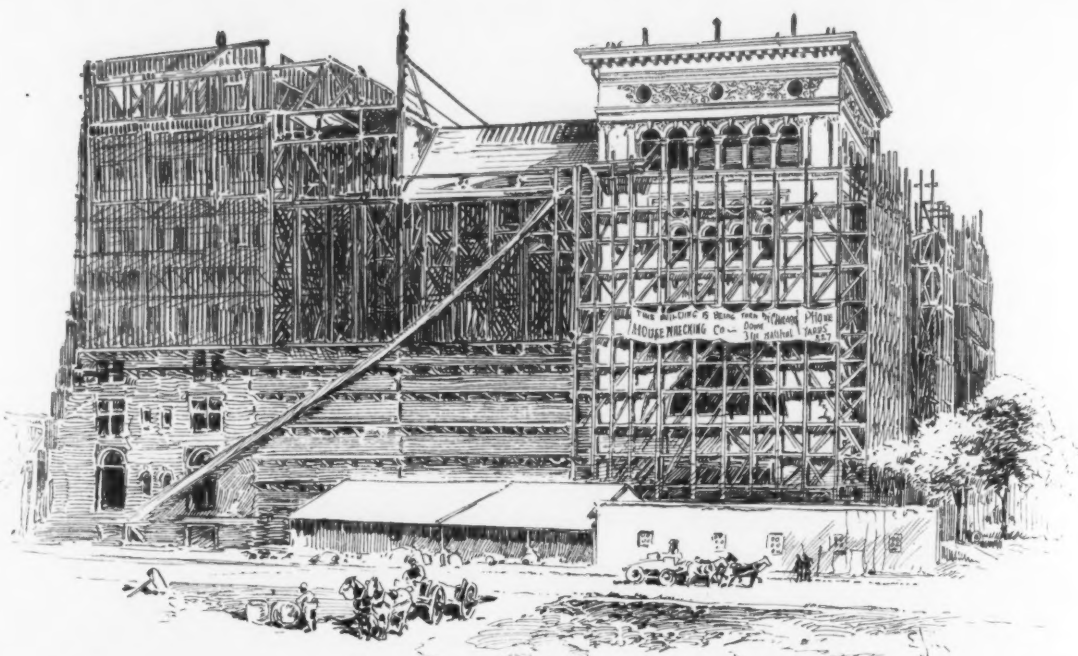


## The Spectatorium.

### Steele Mackaye's Dream—His Struggle and Failure.

"RICHARD WAGNER ought to come out of his grave to see his dreams realized," said Anton Seidl when he saw Steele Mackaye's model of his "Spectatorium." In fact, Mackaye aimed at something more than to present a spectacle unequalled upon any stage; he aimed to originate an American trilogy that should rival the "Nibelungenlied," and to invent a new æsthetic art which should at once please, educate, and inspire. It was no "new-hatched, unfledged," World's-Fair scheme. He had had it under consideration for thirty years, and now was the time for its realization. The theme: the romantic story of Columbus and the discovery of the New World; the history of that world in settlement, in war, and in peace, down to the glorious realization of the present. The vehicle: scenic effects on a scale of unexampled grandeur. The expression: music in its highest and purest form. He suggested his scheme in New York, but was unheeded; he broached it in Europe, but was ridiculed; he brought it to Chicago, and it "caught on." The Western metropolis was struggling with the problem of the World's Fair, but her leading capitalists backed the scheme with half a million dollars in cash, and promised enough more to see it through. The Columbian Celebration Company was formed, with Benjamin Butterworth as president, he resigning his position as solicitor-general of the World's Fair to accept the office; Murray Nelson, a prominent

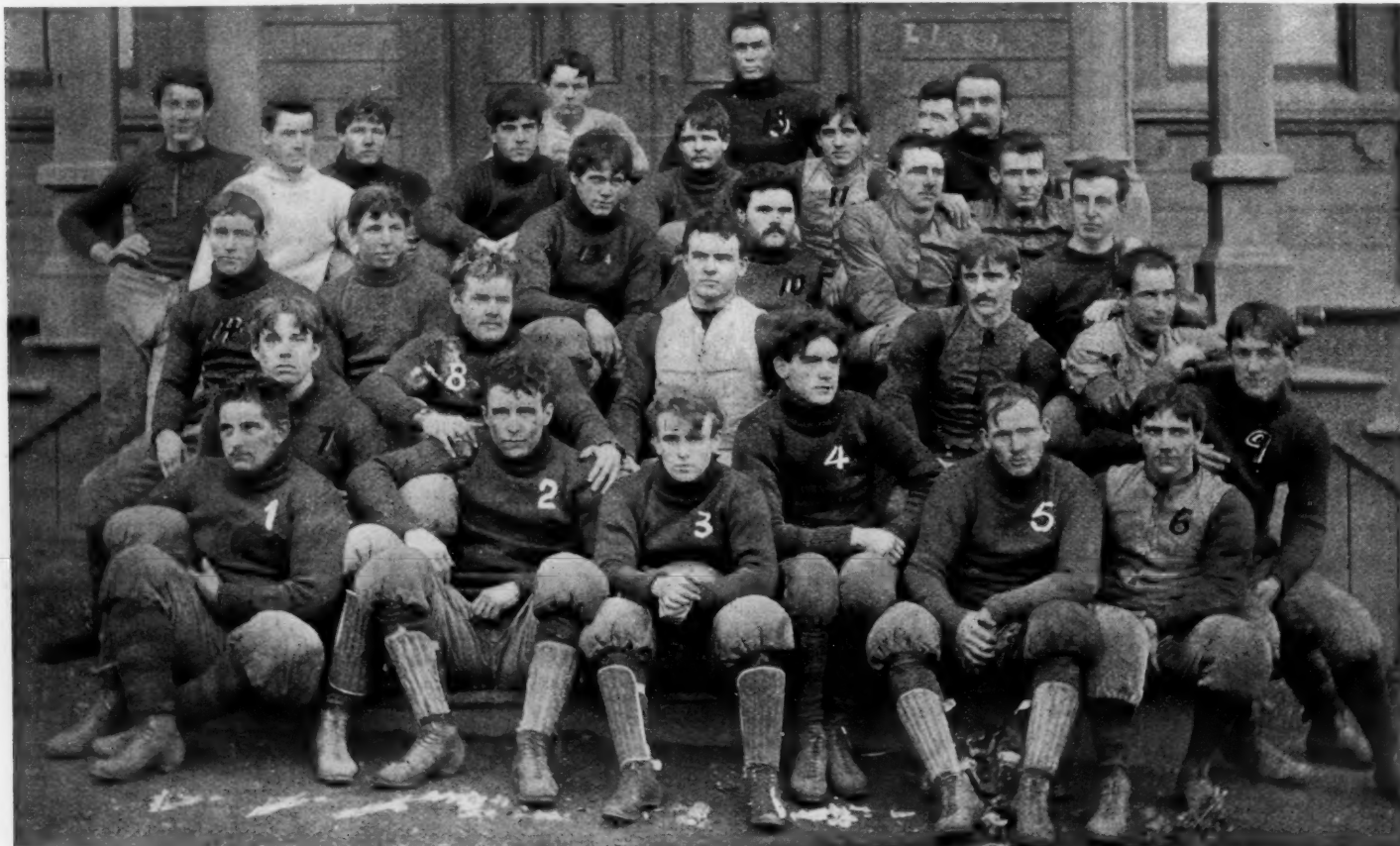
(Continued on page 6.)



This enterprise, which is fully described in this issue, was backed by the most influential capitalists of Chicago. Work upon the structure was pushed night and day, but at the opening of the fair it was still incomplete. The sum of \$600,000 had been expended upon it when, its completion being obviously impossible in time to fulfill the design of its projector, the enterprise was abandoned. The building was finally sold for the sum of \$2,500.

#### A BEAUTIFUL BUBBLE BURST.

THE SPECTATORIUM, THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLD'S-FAIR ENTERPRISE OF STEELE MACKAYE.—DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. MEEKER.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TEAM.

1. Archie Pierce, centre. 2. Stanley Easton, guard. 3. Captain Benson, quarter. 4. Hilborn (substitute for Hunt). 5. "Brick" Morse. 6. Sherman, end. 7. Ray Sherman, guard. 8. Burr, tackle. 9. Ransome, half-back. 10. Hunt, half-back. 11. Oscar Taylor, full-back. 12. Smith, tackle. 13. Foltz. 14. Wilson, end.



STANFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM.

1. Captain Wilson, right end. 2. Whitehorse, right tackle. 3. Burnett, right guard. 4. MacMillan, left guard. 5. Hall, left tackle. 6. Claude Dowling, left end. 7. Frankenheimer, half-back. 8. Kennedy, full-back. 9. Paul Downing, centre. 10. Code, quarter. 11. Walton, half-back. 12. Manager Maynard. 13. "Pop" Bliss.

FOOT-BALL IN CALIFORNIA—THE LELAND STANFORD AND CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY TEAMS, PARTICIPANTS IN THE THANKSGIVING-DAY GAME AT SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 7.]





THE "BLACK WATCH," A BAND OF SPANISH CONVICT GUERRILLAS PREPARING FOR A RAID ON THE RIFFMEN OF MOROCCO.



THE SPANIARDS IN MOROCCO—CELL FOR PRISONERS UNDER DEATH SENTENCE AT MELILLA. UNVEILING THE LOWELL MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN THE BERLIN ARSENAL ON NEW YEAR'S, LISTENING TO THE WATCHWORD OF THE DAY.



The Wrought Iron Range Company, of St. Louis, Missouri, have been awarded First Prizes on all their exhibits.

Six Medals for distinguished merits in their goods. In all their business dealings they act on the principle "that the higher the quality, the better the appreciation," and no pains are spared to produce the highest grade of goods that money and material can give. Under no circumstances will they permit anything to deteriorate the quality and excellence of their "Home Comfort" goods.

While their leading line is that of Family Ranges, which are sold from their own wagons in nearly every State and Territory in the Union, it is pleasing to note the grand success that has attended their efforts to produce a line of goods made exclusively for Hotels and Restaurants, Public Institutions, etc., and on which they also received the highest Awards, as above noted.

Hotel Kitchen Outfitting has become a specialty with this Company, and wherever they have placed their goods they have given the greatest satisfaction.

The history of the Wrought Iron Range Company is so closely interwoven with that of St. Louis, that one is not complete without the other. The history of St. Louis can never be written without a reference to the establishment of the Wrought Iron Range Company.

Their patrons in the east, west, north and south will be glad to learn of the tributes paid this Company by the Judges of Awards at the late World's Exposition.

ONCE fairies turned some meerschaum pipes  
Each to a living thing,  
Whereat they voted to elect  
The best tobacco "King."

Not one of them could disagree,  
For all of them had tried  
Yale Mixture—so with one accord  
"Let it be King," they cried.

#### Coughs and Colds are Often Overlooked.

A CONTINUANCE for any length of time causes irritation of the lungs or some chronic Throat Trouble. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES invariably give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes, 25 cents.

A NOTE from London (England) informs us that the whole of the very large English edition printed of the Christmas (December) number of the *Pull Mall Magazine* is completely out of print, so far as the publishers are concerned. Copies, however, are still to be had at booksellers' and at the railway bookstalls.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE, on his last trip to America, in 1825, brought several cases of the genuine Marie Brizard & Roger Cordials to America, and they have been in demand here ever since. For sale everywhere. T. W. STEINLE, Union Square, New York.

#### A QUICK TRIP TO FLORIDA.

In a few days the Richmond and Danville Railroad will announce the opening of their new line to Florida via Washington, Charlotte, and Columbia, using the F. C. and P. Railway Columbia to Jacksonville, a saving of thirty-three miles travel, giving the new route the short line between New York and Jacksonville. Schedules are being so arranged as to leave New York at 4:30 P.M., after business hours, reaching Jacksonville next evening for dinner. Daily Pullman sleeping and dining-car service the year round. Write for information regarding the new route to Alexander S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, P. O. Box 1287, New York City.

Use Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and digestive organs.

#### STARVED TO DEATH

In midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

#### A Natural Food.

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Charlie (timidly)—"Oh, Ethel, I don't think I can remember what it was."

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Charlie—"Oh, I have it! Er—what do you—hem!—think of the Yale foot-ball team?"—Judge.



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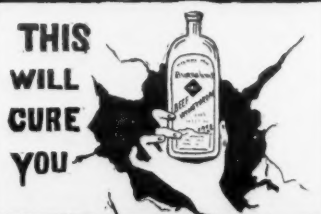
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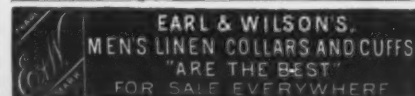
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